A COMPOSITE WIFE.

Symmetric Freecott Spottord.

Copprish, 1802 by the Author.

When Mr. Chipperley lost his wife he was for a time very unhappy. He felt a little angry whom he saw other women walking in the sunlight. He missed the flattery, the affection, the object of love. And perhaps all that furnished him with sufficient reason for marrying again, which he did very speedily. He lived very happily with the next venture, although now and then the pale and pretty young face of her predecessor slipped in across his mental vision of the other, and it was a little difficult to separate them. And when a third young woman ruled his affections, it was an effort for him to say if it were May's lower him to say if the way in which your large. woman ruled his affections, it was an effort for him to say if it were May's lower lip that looked as if a bee had stung if, or if it were Mary's upper lip that had the fiddle-how curves, or if it were Mary's upper lip that had the fiddle-how curves, or if it were Maris and you are grateful to him and have a friendly localing for the rest of your life; and that smiled with the deep Greek corner in the mouth; and in his memory gleams of Mary's eyes shot through May's glance and Mary's eyes shot through May's glance and were veiled with Maria's long jashes. May's very satisfying. oman ruled his affections, it was an effort were veiled with Maria's long lashes. May's
pale check were the rese bloom of Marr's:
the outline of Mary's broad brow melted into
the oval of Maria's Madonna-like forehead:
and in this composite memory of a wife May's
frown and Maria's smile were fast becoming
indistinguishable when he first laid eyes on
Honor Humphreys's, and overshot the whole
better with her west divines head a constant with her west and remember
that all this time. Ted hasn't whispered a

inch of real lace if I married Ted. And-well -will you tell me. Maddy, why Ted doesn't say anything ! I can't ask a man to marry me-

"I could, if need were."
"You! Well, for a demure little cat that dares to look at a king you would take a prize in a tabby show," said Honor, folding away the flounce, and leaning both round elbows among the rings and pins of the toilet cush-ions, while she looked at a dark and handsome siren in the glass. "I shall never forget, Maddy, how you went and took your mother's meckiace off my mother's neck. I think that when mamma got over being startled she will be even with you some day." And then she fell to tring bows and snipping ribbons with twinkling fingers. "I should make a capital milliner if—oh. if! Well. Ted does everything except say the word."
"How can he say the word! What would he

do with a wife? Just think. Honor! Why. he'd be a wretch if he did speak! A man with no more possibilities than Ted and with so many attractions, ought not to come where you and Helon and Toresa and the rest areyou butterflies who have only fed on the roses and lain in the lilles of life."

"Marian, you are just an old maid, a puritanic, conscientious, cantankerous old maid! There-don't you think these little lavender and mignonette bows add to the butterfly appearance of this partigular butterfly ?"

"You are perfectly hopeless, Honor. You forget there is a future. You just dance in the boam to-day. Your father's interest in the Humphreys estate dies with him. It's a big interest to-day: but it reverts to the co-residuaries, and all that his oblidren inherit is the nice little family quarrel that has given the General occupation ever since lawyers and Surrogates and the rest ate up the whole of your mother's fortune and a parcel of most expensive tastes and habits. And here is Mr.

Chipperley, a nice young man—"
"Old Chipperley!" dropping the scarf over her hair, while Marian colored and coughed. Young-ab-comparatively." stammered

"Twice my age, at all events," tring the Boarf with a bewitching knot
"A worthy gentleman!" exclaimed Marian.

the color still enlivening her fair cheek, "against whom there is nothing to be said, and who offers an aste-nuptial settlement of a million dollars. And you have been out three years, and have let Ted keep every eligible man away. And your father feels his life inse-

Honor Humphreys's, and overshot the whole picture with her great shining hazel eyes and black brows, her full red lies, and the faultiess teeth that flashed with white light in the dark countenance where the rare red only now and then blossomed—a tall and superb young creature, whose health and vitality and lustres completely wiped out the whole mental photography of poor May and Mary and Maria.

"Gracious!" said Honor to her gentle cousin, Marian Marcy. "Don't talk of him! He's married all to pieces. So you suppose I will take a fragment of a husband. Am I coing to make one of a harem? What does paps mean? The idea of my marrying an old man like that!"

Poor Mr. Chipperley was only 45, but such is the point of view of youth that 45 was all the same to hor as 145.

"I don't care if he is made of money!" cried Ronor. "He looks as if he were—of old bank bills."

"Old bank bills," said Marian, "makea slag, you know, almost as splendid as procious stones."

"He hasn't reached the slag stage. The fance with the face with the point to send me roses." as her that the picture of the same to hor as 145.

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"And if he hasn't spogen out."

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"And if he hasn't spogen out a plenty."

"And in to to do that?"

"And in the sam't spogen out."

"And in the sam't spo

"Old bank bills," said Marian, "makoa slag, you know, almost as aplendid as proclous stones."

"He hasn't reached the slag stage. The fancy of his daring to send mo roses." as her cousin opened for her a box that had just ender the slag stage. The fancy of his daring to send mo roses." as her cousin opened for her a box that had just ender the slage stage. The fall of them?

"But, Honor, look at these great beauties—an armitul—the stems more than half a yard long. Why, they cost a dollar and a half aplece."

"I don't care if they cost a fortune aplees. Wear his roses, indeed! I'd rather have a green loaf of Tod's picking. Here, Pinky, rake them away; throw them out, every one:

"What a gorgoous twenty-five-dollar breast, knot Pinky you must have the rose-red chiffon out presently—there! I declare what can napa be thinking of, not only to be willing I should accept that old Mormon, but to want me to!

Why, I might as well go out to Utah where they drive their wives forty abreast, and be done with it?"

"But, at any rate. Mr. Chipperley has the deceny to drive his wives tandem."

"No, he hasht. The law compels him. Oh, you make me shiver!" she exclaimed, with a mock shuddor, as site turned over the loses and ribbons in the drawer before her. "The does of going tandem with throe ghosts! Poor ghosts—poor dead women! They must have be also be thinking of, not only to be willing! Should accept that old Mormon, but to want me to!

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Hour said to Marian, afraid of them. He schooled himself to lay a very gingerly hand on the white one, feeling a child un and dewn his spine as he did so; to suffer the yellow one to rub against his shee, although that also made his flesh creep; he said nothing about certain serantehes given him by the little gray Astarte devil, as he called it, for Honor's eye was on him; but when the black Asmodeus looked him in the face Mr. Chipperley qualled. Then, too, there was a great buff-bedied and black-muzzled mastiff, and a spitz and a poodle, and goodness knows what else; a parrol, an owl no bligger than your fist, a little sliken marmosette. Sometimes when Mr. Chipperley saw her, in a gown the hue of a pomegranate, with her cats in her arms or on her chair, and her dogs fawning around her, he had a moment of such feeling as he might have had were she Circe and he another lover just undergoing the enchantment, and about to become one of them himself.

"Well, it's of no use," Circe had said. "He admires the colors he hates; he caresses the cuts he fears; he loves the dogs he detests. It does look as if he were hypnotized. Can't I undo the spell?"

"You talk like a silly girl," said her father.

"Mr. Chipperley does you the honor to make you a proposal of marriage—"

cats he fears: he loves the dogs he detests. It does look as if he were hypnotized. Can't I undo the spell?"

"You tak like a silly girl." said her father.

"Are Chippericy does you the honor to make you a proposal? Twenty proposals!"

"And I wish you. I order you. I command you to accept it." And Gos. Humphreyslooked at her with eves accustomed to command gleaming from the shadow of a pair of brows like epaulets that gave a military force to his glance. But his daughter had seen that glance before and knew you, how much it.

"The Humphreys, papa," said the young commanded. I should hardly like to break the family traditions."

"You are a disobedient and insolent girl!"

"Nor have the lumphreys been bought and sold in the past—do you think I will be the first one placed upon the market? I wouldn't marry Mr. Chipperley if he were made of dimends and set in the sky!"

"I don't know hew you could in that case." said her father. "But you know, without any more words about it, what the circumstances of the case are, what is likely to become of your mother and that rost of the children at my death, and that it is in your power, with the sattlements I call for, to make their condition all that it has been.

"That is to say, you sell me and my happiness for their case and comfort. It is pleasant to know which you care for the most. It leaves me quite free. No. Mr. Pana Humphreys, you needn't promise to deliver what you can't get hold of! You will have to go very long indeed on this particular block! Theard De Puy say once it was a good plan to go short on a rising market!" And just then the name of Mr. Theodore Dane was announced, and the father's eyes itshed fire at the daughter, and the daughter's eyes flashed fire in return, and Cousin Marian was not the only one who knew how much Mr. Theodore Dane had to do with the fortunes of Honor."

"Oh," said Honor to Marian, when this conversation and struggle with her into the country or shut up in her room till she promised different if shous, and balanced against her own d

man away. And your father feels his life insecure—and you've all lived so at the top of the way that there won't be a dollar left the day after his funoral—"

"Marian Marcy." turning on her with a diamond stick-pin in each hand. "How can you talk so? My dear old father! How can you be so indelicate, so, so cruei!"

"I hope you're not going to stab me. I am not cruel, a I am speaking for your good—"
"Great good'" with half a sob and half a laugh, "I shall have a hystericif you don't take care." and the eyes were faming and the teeth flashing.

"Have twenty if you want to." And Marian at you up beside her and looked her in the face will steady gray eyes that had a steely point behind their deway softness. "When it comes to the point," she said, "and you are married to a poor man, and your mother; and Helen and Teresa and the beys are homeless and penniless, do you believe you won't regret Mr. Chilpperiey," when it comes to strunk dumb."

"What a mercy it would be. Maddy, if you were strunk dumb."

"What a mercy it would be. Maddy, if you were strunk dumb."

"Arian laughed. "I'm not angry." she said, because your temper shows that you are beginning to listen for eason. You marry Ted fords, and here a happy year or two; and forest you are shabby; and presently care

Marian think of marrying Mr. Chipperley when he has not asked her "
"My goodness! Oh. my goodness!" cried Honor, teeth and eyes flashing out of that brown face in one dazzle of light along with her ringing langh. "Oh" she cried, running from the room, "if I die the next minute I shall have had my share of satisfaction! I mean to make Marian do the one thing in her life that shall be neither pale nor diab."

But If Marian was a timid and conventional person in the main, she had more than once proved herself capable of rising to the occasion, and certainly she was doing something unusual and daring when uninvited the took. Ted Dane's arm one night as he stood, rather dark and down of face, leaning against a window, and walked with him into Mrs. Roberts's orchid house. "Oh, there is Honor," she said, as they paused where a swarm of rosy flower-butterfles fluttered in their faces. "Is it not wicked that such a girl should be sacrificed."

"Should be sold!" said Ted, suddenly beaming on her, with his blue eyes shining and his manner for the first time showing, as he bent from his lofty height, that here was an unexpectedly delightful person in that Humphreys family, "It is infamous!"

"I diara say he would make a very good husband."

"He ought. He has had enough experience in the line."

He ought. He has had enough experience in the line."
Then I should think he'd see how very un-

in the line."

"Then I should think he'd see how very unfit site is."

"Unfit? For that beggar? No. no: Chipperley's a good fellow—but there's no enegoed enough for her.

"At any rate, she doesn't love him."

"She doesn't? Look at her then!" gazing at Honor down a vista, where she stood graciously extending her hand like some young queen with Mr. Chipperley bending over it like some seigneur swearing foalty.

"Very well. They are obliging her. It isn't worth while for her to quarrel with a man on whom she may be forced to rely for all the happiness she can have.

"Forced! Who can force her?"

"Father, mother, a whole household. And break her heart."

"Has she any heart?" biting his moustache sail he meant it any injury.

"Forced! Who can force her?"

"Father, mother, a whole household. And break her heart?" biting his moustache as if he meant it any injury.

"Heart? Honor Humphreys! She-well, you are the last berson to deny it."

"It? What have I to do with it?"

"Oh, certainly-if you have been meaning nothing."—frightened into the propriety she had forsaken in her desire to help both Honor and herself.

"Meaning nothing? I? What do you mean?" exclaimed Tod, suddenly facing her. "You know I am meaning something! You know I love Honor with all my heart and sou!! You know I have Honor with all my heart and sou!! You know I would spend my life for her! You know I would spend my life for her! You know I haven't a dollar in the world.—"

"I know she loves you, whether you have a dollar in the world or not!" And the next instant Ted Dane, in a thoughtless, breathless extasy, had clasped Marian to his heart for one switt second. On such an avowal it was impossible not to embrace some one.

"Oh, Marian," he said, "you are the best friend a man ever had.

"No, no, no!" she gasped, pink with her hiushes. "What do you do such a thing for? Oh, I am sure Mr. Chipperley saw you.

"What if he did? What do I care for Chipperley? Oh, Marian, yon have made me the happiest man in the world!" And Mr. Chipperley. Whom some dancing fellow had robbed of Honor, saw the act and heard the words, as he came down the orchid house, and noticed for the first time that Marian Marcy, in her misty toilet of lavender satin and tulle, was really a most attractive person and most becomingly dressed. He knew that Marian had little or nothing of her own except her mother's jewels, and that it was owing to Honor's determined insistence that she had everything as if she were a daughter of the house, and it only made, Honor seem more charming still. How well that young woman would spend a big income, with what generosity, what nobility!

As for Ted, when Honor had finished that dance he was awaiting her. And what took place out in the grand hall where two people sat o

"Yes. I presume that at least my prefer-

Someone else; and the eyebrows like epaulets lifted themselves and foll again ominously.

Yes. I presume that at least my preferences are my own.

May I ask who this some one is?"

"How can I hinder your asking, papa?"

"Let me know the name at once!"

"It is Theodore Dane.

"Great heavens!" cried the Goneral. "A follow with nothing but a pedigree! A man of family without a penny, a lawyer without a brief, an idie, daneing, driving, shiftless—"I wouldn't talk so, papa, about a man to whom you may by and by stand in the relation of a father." said Honor calmiy.

"Never! The day you married that fellow you would cease to be my daughter."

"Nonsense, paps: you are just like my mastiff! Old Proudfoot's bark is very much worse than his bite. How can I ever cease being your daughter?" And then she had her arm about the old hero's neck. "You know very well, papsy, you would never wish to make your dear unhappy."

"No. certainly, no: of course not, no." disengaging himself. "And that is the very reamake your dear unhappy."
"No, certainly, no; of course not, no." disensaging himself. "And that is the very reason I wish you to marry a man quite suitable in himself, and who can induige all your extravagant tastes and hinder you by and by from the unhappiness of seeing your mother and your sisters deprived of all their gratifications on my death." and your sisters deprived of all their gratifications on my death."

"How absurd, papa! As if you were going
to die! It's perfectly ridiculous! Hale and
hearty and strong and good, with a father and
mother that lived to be 00, and their father
and mother before them. I won't listen to
such talk! Besides, if worse came to worse,
mamma and the others could live with us.
We shall have a home of some sort—"
"Shall?"
"Yes, we shall live in an old house of Fed's

We shall have a home of some sort—"
"Shall?"
"I es, we shall live in an old house of Ted's in the country—an old place on a river—quito in the country—and had such lovely gardons. He will some into town to his office every day, and I shall raise asparagus."
"You, Honor!" he groaned. "Do you know what you are saying? Is it all cut and dried?"
"I es, papa," she said, and again made the movement to imprison him. But Gen, Humphreys caught her in time and held her off at arm's length, looking straight into her eyes.
"Do you mean to say you can talk this way without a blush—"
"You know I can't blush, papa. I'm too dark. I can turn purple, if you want me to."
I've as good a mind as ever I had to cat to call in a Justice of the Peace and marry you out of hand."
"I wish you would." she cried, "to Theodore."
But as he released her she flore lovered.

"I wish you would," she cried, "to Theodore."
But as he released her she flung herself upon his breast. "Papa, papa!" she cried. "You must help me: I love Ted—I hate that old Mormon! And oh—I should think you would find it such fun to get the better of mamma and you remember the traverse she worked on you when you wanted De Puy to marry kate Appleton, and she arranged it all for Henrietta you frump—"

you when you wanted De Puy to marry kate Appleton, and she arranged it all for Henrietta ven Frump—"I don't know what that has to do with this case. Your mother has much the best sense of all of us. De Puy's has turned out a very comfortable marriage, if he is a little henpecked. Yours—"Oh papa, I shall simply throw myself in front of the train if you make me marry Mr. Chipperley! I should like to have some identity of my own. Just think of my being a land of sisters with those three poor ghosts hovering round old Chipperley!" And as the ghosts did not seem to move her father she had resort to the last argument—tears.
"There, there, there," said her father. You know very well that I abhor tears. I—I will confess that I had just as lief let your mother see that I had a will of my own as not. But the fact is, you will be a pauper. And I can't think of that."

"I told you, papa, that wo—that Ted has a house, It will be the greatest pleasure in the world to make it habitable. And you've no idea how profitable my asparagus beds are going to be."
"Honor!"
"Oh, we have figured it all out. It's a de-

"Honori"
"Oh, we have figured it all out. It's a de-lightful old place. Maddy and I went out to "Oh, we have figured it all out. It's a delightful old place. Maddy and I went out to see it."

"Maddy—thore's another thing. What is to become of Marian, as well as all the rest, if you persist in this course?"

"Why shouldn't Marian marry Mr. Chipperley, papa, and keep the money in the family?" "Simply because he doesn't want her."

"He does. She is just and exactly the very thing he wants. Only he doesn't want her."

"He does. She is just and exactly the very thing he wants. Only he doesn't want her."

"He sweet, pale, quiet nun that would make him feel as if it were all a bad dream that he had ever had any other wife—as if they were all nothing but different phases of one woman. He is bejuggled with me just now, but oh, he would so regret it in a little; my canary and ruby colors would drive him wild, and he wouldn't live a year with all the exactions and exasperations that I should bring to him. Can't you reason with him, papsy."

Tould reason with him a great deal better than I could with your mother.

"Well, we won't try to reason with mamma. I've heard you say many a time that she never would hear reason. Of course you know, darling. I'm not doing apything imprudent. To some home to have his appointment as attorney to the Creamery Trust with a salary of ten thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year; and a family that can't live on len thousand a year on the live and the live on len thousand a year.

Teresa wouldn't marry. Now, Papa Humphreys, you are an old soldier: you named me Honor because Honor was the dearest thing on earth to you. And I'm not going to ask you to do a living thing centrary to your principles, only to take mamma on a little journey, to Washington or to New Orleansanywhere. You press that button and I'll do the rest." And it was at the end of a delightful half hour that Mrs. Humphreys found Honor sitting on her father's knees, all smiles and tears and tangles.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Humphreys, "from the appearance of things, that your good sense has come to the rescue, my child. Of course, Mr. Chipperley's fortune is our last consideration. It is himself, his intelligence, his breeding, his goodness that we think calculated to make you happy. But it is outside of the possibilities that a young girl should refuse the settlement's he offera—"Well, mamma," said Honor, moving from her pleasant scat and twisting up her hair. I give you fair warning that when I marry Mr. Chipperley I will not accept a settlement of any sort."

"My child!"

"No. No man shall think I marry him for his money."

"No. No man shall think I marry him for his money."
"But, Honor, what an absurd high-flown no-

My child?

My child?

My child?

My child?

My child?

My child.

thought what a pity it was that a man might not marry two women at once.

Somehow or other. Marian Marcy was always in the room now when Mr. Chipporley was almitted to the presence. It was not so much of an effort to follow Marian as he had found it to keep up with Honor's flights and vagarles; she scotled him after the attempt; she always agreed with him, and he felt with half an uncertain sigh that Ted Dane was going to have a very restful person for a wife.

half an uncertain sigh that Ted Dane was going to have a very restful person for a wife.

"Mr. Lawton has returned and we are talking of their domino party," said Honor. "A wilderness of flowers and Seidi's orchestra. Maud Van Wieck is going as Catherine de Medici, and Rose as Catherine of Russia, and Belle Devera as Catherine of Arragon—"And you?" said Mr. Chipperley.

"And you?" said Mr. Chipperley.

"We thought first of Petrucio's Katharine and Camoens's Catharina—""Sweetest eyes were ever seen," quoted he.

"And that of Iris and Charmien, pearls and asps. and all that, you know. But it's too much trouble. We will go just in our brown dominoes."

"I'll wear my brown gown and never dress too fine," quoted Marian.

"Yes, we will just go in our brown dominos. That is exactly the way I should like to be married." Honor said suddenly, looking up with a flash of eyes and teeth. No fuss, no feathers, no company, no cards. Just Ted and you and Marian and I, all at one time, all our own witnesses—stealing out from the ball, going to the minister's, and going our own way afterward."

"It would be admirable!" cried Mr. Chipperley. "It was one of your brilliant thoughts. No need of waiting for paraphernalia; that can be had in Paris. A handbag in the carriage, and over to the Utopia's deck directly afterward; she sails at sunrise that night—I mean morning."

"What do you say to it, Tod?" asked Marian

ringe, and over to the Utopia's dock directly afterward; she sails at sunrise that night—I mean morning."

"What do you say to it. Tod?" asked Marian as that young man joined them.

"What do you say to it?"

"Oh, whatever Mr. Chipperley thinks best."
And to Mr. Chipperley it seemed that he was about to enter a charming family where even the romote cousins were so engaging.

"A capital notion," said Ted. "For of all things to be dreaded the marriage ceremony is chief. If one could take ether now, or nitrous oxide, and wake up and find it all over—"
"I shaw!" said Mr. Chipperley, before he thought, "it's nothing at all, nothing at all. "Still, Mr. Chipperley was not displeased with the anticipated privacy and quietness. For, feel as you may, the world will have a little him over a man's fourth nuptial; and then the elopement-like process gave a color of postry to the affair which it otherwise lacked. When they parted Mr. Chipperley wade laste to sond his berth trank and steamer chairs and rugs on board the Utopia, and to secure the best state room to be had for money, and Ted to see about the licenses and the minister. It gaves Mr. Chipperley a joily feeling of being young and rash and reckless and romantic.

"I shall wear my glory gown, said Honor when she and Marian were alone. "It will atun him out of his wits when I open my domine. You have the hardest part, Marian, On, how I nety you!"

"You needn't," said Marian quietly. "I am equal to it."
"Ju you dread it—just a little."

"Ju you dread it—just a little."

"Ju you dread it—just a little."

equal to it."

"But you dread it—just a little."

"Just a little. I would rather not, if it could be arranged in any other way. But I sacrifice myself, she said with a quiet laugh, "to my aunts and cousies."

"Marian, to say you are a trump, is to say nothing at all. You are a whole straight little."

Marian to say you are a trump, is to say nothing at all. You are a whole straight flush."

The day before the Loriens' domine party Mrs. Humphreys saw two of Honor's trunks taken down on an expressingal's back before her very eyes, under the supposition that they were either Pinky's or her own backed for the Washington trip with the General, which her cold had deferred. Another trunk was sent later from the house of the Humphreys to the steamer. And it wanted hardly a couple of hours to sunrise when Ted and Mr. Chipperley with two domines masked an mercel left the Lortons' lights and flowers and music, entered the coach in waiting and drove across to the Church of St. Peterceum-Paul.

There was but a dim and solitary light burning at the aftar. The rector, who had been mapping in his study, was hardly more than small awake now. He examined the licenses perfunctarily, and hurried through the service, as he had been begged to do, as if he were expecting a policeman to interrupt him. For the first time Mr. Chipperley took with permitted tenderness the hand, he thought, that he had so often longed to take. Joyful moment when it returned the pressure, when he heard a winspering voice in the responses, when those swift and sleep; tones pronounced them hustanciand wife. He hastened down the dusky aisle with a trembling, clinging shadow beside him. Ted delayed a moment or two for the certificates, following with the other domino, and then, the curtains of the carriage closely drawn, they drove through the gray morning twilight of the empty streets that secured to belong to some other life, breathless, wordless, over the ferry and to the pier.

The gray was growing silver over the silent water as they crossed; a star was meiting back into the light like a pearl dissolving in a cup of gold: suddenly a ray lit all the mast heads and tipped them every one with fire; and it was in that moment, as they stood on the deek, partly in the shelter of a great pile of luggare, that floner flung open her domino and let the bush has

be food for fishes as soon as they were in deep water! Those burning topazes and rubles—he was very tired from want of sleep, from hurry, from uncertainty, from emotion—they forced his eyes open and pinned the lids back! As she stood there for one swift second she seemed to Mr. Chipperley an embodiment of the sin of the world.

And he was bound hand and foot at the charlot of the blazing creature. He saw instinctively that he would never be master again. The three Mrs. Chipperleys rose wavering before him, wringing their hands and vanishing into thin air. He felt, while he gasped and tried to collect himself, that he should like to go to sleep and never wake.

But Marian also had thrown of her domino and mask, and she stood, in a soft moonlight-colored velvet, a shawl of white blend lace pinned on, her blond hair failing about her like a vell, while she gazed at him. "Ah, now." thought Mr. Chipperley, she looks like a bride, she does. But that yellow abomination—why—Ted Dane was right when he said of her once she dazzled when the sun is down and robs the world of rest. She's about to rob my world of rest. She's about to rob my world of rest in But all this was in the twinkling of an eye, intuition not thought, while Marian was hanging her domino over her arm and Honor was folding hers about her again, as people came hurrying by and the confusion of starting became noticeable; no one pausing to think twice of a gay party accustomed to going and coming, who had hastened on board in their ball dresses.

"Well, Marian," said Ted, "here is your certificate, No; this is Honor's and mine, You will find it all right, Mr. Chipperley, Honor and I will be thinking of you in these moonlight nights as you go parting the smooth seas. You'll be quite in time for the carnival. You have helped us in a way not to be forgotten, and we we—Honor and I—shall always associate you with the happiness of our lives."

"Chipperley, hearing Ted's yolce like n

THE END. THE ARIZONA NICKER

The Editor Evinces an Interest in Politics

and in Some Other Matters. IT IS TRUE-A Tucson paper announces that we are laying wires to be elected to the next Legislature, and wonders when our ambition will be satisfied. Yes, it is true that we are doing some preparatory work in the direction referred to, and we'll bet our running mule against a jackass rabbit that we "git thar" with both feet when the time comes. The change in us since we struck this town three years ago is perfectly amazing. Then we'd have been overjoyed to shovel sand at a dollar a day, and we had no ambition and no nerve. As we began to climb our ambition began to canter alongside, and at the present date we'd the White House, We shall take a whirl at the Legislature, probably as Senator, simply to get the sand out of our hair for the Governorship. We feel that we have a call in that direction. We are not exactly like other editors in this glorious section of the country. We are not hampered by native modesty nor chained down by diffidence.

of the country. We are not hampered by native modesty nor chained down by diffidence When we feel our ambition surging to burst its bounds we let her loose with a yell and bring up a peg or two higher.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.—On calling at the residence of Widow Jenner the other evening, as we had been invited to do, we found eleven men in the house and three on the doorsteps. All single and all there to court her with a view to matrimony. The widow is neither handsome nor rich, but at least twenty men are ready and anxious to well her. While we are not one of the crowd, it still makes it rather embarrassing for us to call and find so many lovesick people follypopping about.

We again call the attention of Eastern women to the great and pressing need of this section. We want wives. We want embadly. This county alone would cheerfully embrace 800 marriageable females and make wives of emwithin two days. We don't ask for heiresses nor beauties. We don't har the redheaded nor cross-cred, and we shan't be too particular about age, though perhaps none over fifty should come. To settle up this great territory there must be at least 50,000 more homes. They can't be made without wives. The section of country immediately around this town is now given up to the covote, the makass rabbit, and the cactus, but if 400 women were to pour in here to-morrow to become brides no man would know the country a year hence. We believe that a public neeting should be called to take action in the matter, and the Kicker stands ready to subscribe \$500 toward any fund which may be estathished in connection of work and any fund which may be estathished in connection were at the second of the country and subscribe \$500 toward any fund which may be estathished in connection with the project.

Ricker stands ready to subscribe \$500 toward any fund which may be estatlished in connection with the project.

Suppen Death.—Sunday evening, while we were at church and in our place as lender of the choir. Joe Small, the half breed whose tricky characteristics have won him a very unsavory reputation, broke into our barn, took out our running mule, and headed for the Little Colorado River, where he is said to have relatives. Our marine editor, who also does dramatic and State news and acts as foreman of the composing room, happened to see Joe as he rode away. Instead of coming to church and calling us out and breaking up the singing he sent word around to a few of the boys, and in the course of twenty minutes a party of a dozen well-armed men were hot on the fellow's trail. He could have kept ahead of the crowdiff he hadn't tried a short cut. Our mule bucked at a dry dich, and, before Joe could send him over, the boys were up. His plea was temporary insanity, but it didn't work. The boys conducted him to a tree just to the left of the crossing at Plum Crock, and, after allowing him ten minutes in which to arrange his earthly affairs, he was pulled up to a limb and left to reflect on the vanities of life.

We here take occasion to thank the gentlemen who so nobly and promptly responded to the call of our marine editor, and shall stand ready to reciprocate the favor whenever the signal comes. The Coroner rode out with a jury next day and held an inquest, and the verdict was the usual ono—died of non-circulation of the blood.

Drinking in the Capitel.

Drinking in the Caultol.

Prinking in the Capitol.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Everybody knows that while it is supposed to be prohibited, the sale of intoxicants goes on all the time in both the restaurants during the sessions of Congress, and that besides that the Chairmen of several Senate and House committees faithough this practice is more common at the Senate and of the Capitol than at the House end; keep a private bottle or even a demipoin in their committee rosons for the benefit of themselves and their friends.

Senators and Representatives, with the faw exceptions monitoned, are drinking at the Capitol every day, and every hour of every day, during every session. But the fast, of course, is that this drinking all goes on quietly behind a screen, so to speak, and that very, very few of them drink to excess. The wine and liquor list can be had for the asking in the restaurants, but liquors are very and to be served in teacups, and whose as quietly as possible. Senators and Representatives themselves, the newspaper men, and others who are habitually about the Capitol, know very well that this drinking is going on, but it is all so unobtrusively done that strangers at the capitol would not detect it. It is, of course, because it is done in moderation that its effects do not appear publicly, except in rare cases.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Runting Down the Female Guerrilla, Who Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.

The close of the war left the Southwest in the hands of a desperate lot of men. The regular soldiers as they returned to their homes accepted the situation, but the partisan rangers and guerrilla bands were loath to disperse. In hundreds of cases they defled the Federal troops which took possession of the country, and in scores of instances they were hunted down and killed. Among the worst of the lot along the Red River were a dozen men who had served under the notorious Quantrell. but none of them was the peer of a young woman named Fanny Davis, That, I believe, was her real name. She was the daughter of a Missouri farmer, and left home in 1803 to join Quantrell. She was then twenty years of age, stout and robust, but had a face which even her parents called ugly. Three different members of Quantrell's band have told me the story of her introduction. The guerrillas were encamped on the Neosho River, near the boundary line between Kansas and the Indian Territory. They had nineteen prisoners, twelve of whom were Federal soldiers and the remainder citizens who had been arrested as Unionists. The young woman entored camp on her own horse armed with a shotgun and a revolver. She old Quantrell she had come to join, but he replied that such work as his needed stouter bearts than women could boast of.

"Who are those men?" she asked as she pointed to the unfortunates. "Prisoners."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Shoot'em!"
"Then I'll show you whether I have the

"The prisoners were under guard, but not tied. She walked over to them and stood six of them up in a row-four soldiers and two civilians. Then she drew her revolver and passed down the line and shot every man through the head. Two of the soldiers belonged to the Third Wisconsin Cavalry and a third to the Second Kansas colored regiment. Not a hand was raised to pre-vent her action, and when she had finished Quantrell accepted her as a member of his band. It was at this same time and place that the guerrilla chief and his lieutenant got into a dispute as to the killing power of a carbine captured with one of the Federals. To settle the question, seven of the prisoners were or-dered to stand one behind the other as closely as possible, and a guerrilla stood about ex-feet from the first man and fired at his body. The bullet killed the first three and wounded the fourth. Two of these men belonged to the Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry.
From this time on Fanny Davis was called

Tiger Cat." and she never left the band for a day. She was with it at Baxter Springs when the horrible massacre took place. In October. 1863, Gen. Blunt started to remove his headquarters from Fort Scott, Kan., to Fort Smith. Ark. He had an escort of ninety men, eight or ten wagons, the brigade band, and a score of staff officers, headquarters clerks, and non-combatants. As they neared the Springs. which post was held by a small Federal force, they were attacked by Quantrell' band of GOO men. About ninety of Blunt's force were killed. Of these not more than two were killed while fighting, the others be-

which poet was held by a small. Federal force for were attacked by Quanterliable and of 000 men. About ninety of Blutts for were attacked by Quanterliable and of 000 men. About ninety of Blutts for were attacked by Quanterliable and the other breads and the other breads and the other breads are not not more than the should deal of the other breads and the other breads are not not the men deprived of their growlers. It has the financiary of the first dozen times afterward. It was the manager, Expent to Hitle dozen the same and the first proposed of the first dozen times afterward. It was the bodies had been piled up in it. and who not predernia, and isouting. We outset? "May soon as possible after the dose of the war Quanterliable are proposed to the control of the order and isouting." No quarterly and the proposed of the standard and the proposed of the control of the order and isouting. We outset the control of the order and isouting. We outset the control of the order and isouting and the proposed of the control of the order and isouting and the control of the o

"If you need any one looking for Tiger (at.) tell them that she is still doing business at the oil stand, and can't be captured or run out of the cointry."

The squatter had never heard of the notorious woman, but when he gave as her message we knew that he had missed a golden opportunity. We returned down the row at a gallon, and then began a pursuit lasting three long weeks. All that first day we were not more than ever miles belining her at any hour, and we rade over forly miles. She was headed for the Choctaw country, and as she knew the reads better than we did she gave us the slip when night came. We picked up her trail next day, but it was slow work following it. Some of the people we met gave us straight information, but others who evidently knew the weman and symmathized with her put us on the wrong seent. Mile by mile we traced her south to the Texas border. She rested for two days with a family living on the north bank of the Red River, south of Doaksville, and then followed the stream down into Arkansas. In some way she get information that she was cursued, and she had a plan to wipe us out. Near the Arkansas had a plan to wipe us out. Near the Arkansas had not not been grievened to man and claiming to have control as the waster of the swam. She got there at noon and remained ever night, passing for a man and claiming to have been grievenedly wronged. She carried the idea that a Sheriff was after her, and the swamp. She got there at noon and remained ever night, passing for a man and claiming to have been grievenedly wronged. She carried the idea that a Sheriff was after her, and the swamp. She got there at noon and remained ever night, passing for a man and claiming to have been grievenedly wronged. She carried the idea that a Sheriff was after her, and the swamp. She got there are noon and remained over night, passing for a man in the life way to find the north road. The north road. The description was a fair one of "Tiger Cat," and we at once started off on the gallop. The two

man—Armos Fox and George Cunningham—took the road across the awamp, and were shot from their saddles by the woman in anabush. This was at noon, and we did not get back thore until night. Sho then had half a day's start of us, and was doubtless aware that she had killed the wrong men, as she went off, in great haste. She went within four miles of Fulton, and then turned north and made for the mountains. Our pursuit was slow, as we were strangers to the country, but we managed to keep the trail, and finally countain when "The load" the stall, and finally countain when "The load" that the country, but we managed to keep the trail, and finally countain when "The load" the supposed to be a man, and she again told a story to gain sympathy. When we had satisfied the settler as to her true character he informed us that she had gone to the northwest, over the mountain. We were then only three hours boblind her. Her horse had cast two shoes, and she would likely half on the crest of a mountain at a hamiet called Nobletown to get him reshod.

The mountain a read was a rough one, but we shoes, and she would likely half on the crest of a mountain at a hamiet called Nobletown to get him reshod.

The mountait a reckless pace, while she had to let her horse take it easy. As a consequence she arrived only half an hour shead of us. Her horse was in the hands of the blacksmith, and the woman sat on a stone at the door of, the shop, she had not seen to not where until we turned a bend in the trail about thirty rods above the shop. She instantly divined our identity and our mission. She had a repeating rife, which was standing against the rule log shop, she gain the rule log shop, while the smith were outside. There were two windows in the shop, and to see the door of the shop and closed the door. Her horse and the smith were outside. There were two windows in the shop, and to see the four the shop and finally made an excellent rife pit, and though she got two more shots at us before we were under cover, her aim was not good. The T

BIG JOE'S ATONEMENT.

He Couldn't Save the Emigrant Pantly, but He Did the Best He Could.

I don't know what ailed Big Joe that afternoon the emigrant family came into camp. He was sometimes given to queer whims and notions, and now and then the devil in him would flash out in a way to make us keep as

with 'em."
More water was offered him, but as it touched
his lips he fell back dead.

"Old Sport" Campana in Tears.

There were traces of sorrow mingling with these of hardship and age on the face of "Old Sport" Campana as he made his customary rounds of the Clark street reserts vesterday. He did not tush the saie of his stock of chewing gum with his wonted activity and persistency. Occasionally he brushed away a tear from his eyes with his rough and wrinkled hands. Tears are not rare with "Old Sport." but it was evident that those he was brushing back yesterday were sineare.

"What's the matter. "Old Sport?" more than one of his customers asked.

"Old Sport" placed his stock of gum on the sidewalk. He drew a little hundle of paper from one of his neckets, an '. carefaily unrolling it, drew from its folds a bit of vellow paper—a clipping from a Eastern police pournal. It told of the sudden death in Bridgeport, Conn. of Alexander Campana, G5 years old. He was "Old Sport's" brither. It his death the veteran pediestrian knew nothing until he was handed the clipping vesterday.

No grave was ever dampened by warmer or more loving tears than those shed over the bit of yellow paper that conveyed the message of sorrow to poor "Old Sport." From the Olicago Ladly Tellune.